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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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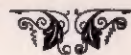
The Student's Pen Staff

dedicates this issue of
the magazine

to

COACH STEWART

and his gridiron stars of
nineteen thirtyfour



THE editorial staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN dedicates this issue of the magazine to those valiant sons of P. H. S.—the football team. Anyone who has watched their speedy action in the field cannot help but admire the grit of our high school eleven. Their perverse stubbornness has conquered all their foes in the County league.

Captained by the inimitable Ralph "Tiny" Simmons, our football team has struggled through a long and hard season and they are well-deserving of the rest they gain the first of December. The P. H. S. squad consists of the best "never-give-iners" in our school. They know but one signal—"Win!" If each and every one of us fought our battles with the same courage they display, I'm certain there would be fewer cases of grumbling and groaning because a task is difficult.

To these boys we wish the best of luck!

The Editor

OUR THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

I WONDER if the players on the P. H. S. and the St. Joseph teams can possibly know what their game connotes to an outsider. I wonder if they can realize with what eyes an outsider watches them assemble for their annual ceremony, sees their teams whirl through counterpoised plays, watches them disassemble in triumph or defeat. Somehow it isn't just a football game. Other teams play football and other crowds egg them on. Other bands are bigger and blow louder horns. Other cheers make more sense than St. Joseph's classic frog chorus, and Pittsfield's undergrads are vocally inferior to many.

Still there is an electric something about that game and everything that goes with it that leaves one gasping for want of bigger and better adjectives, for adverbs that have a longer wheelbase and gerundives that sound their own trumpet. What is it? Who knows?

Anything can happen when Purple and White meets Purple and Gold. Neither team comes as a dominant conqueror with uncrossed goal lines. Regardless of who wins, one always sees a close, hard-fought, and surprisingly even battle. And when it is over, regardless of whether the Purple and White banner whips the breeze in dearly-prized triumph or the guerdons of Gold reach toward the stars above, you will see Pittsfield and St. Joseph's men departing together, tossing split infinitives at each other, but under and over it all the very best of loyal friends.

And that is perhaps the very best thing that P. H. S. vs. St. Joseph's means. It is one thing that many schools envy and few have—a gallant, worthy rival, who is a sincere, loyal, twenty-four-hour-a-day friend.

P. H. S. vs. St. Joseph's

It's Pittsfield High AND St. Joseph's. May Dame Fortune smile upon them both.

Robert Slater '35

A MAGIC MIRROR

GOD made life a mirror, reflecting what we think and do. It's clear, crystalline surface shows our joys and our sorrows, all our faults and our virtues. Is your life every day the kind you would wish reflected in the looking-glass of time? It can be.

Did you ever think how easy it is to smile? And yet how much joy and happiness is derived if you have gladdened one life with your smile. A smile costs nothing, yet its benefits are many. A great author once said, "Smile and the world smiles with you . . ." When you smile, consider how many more smiles respond. If everyone passed the smile on to his neighbor, soon the whole world would be smiling and what a nice world it would be in which to live.

When you realize the good a smile can do, you will never frown. Life will take on a new aspect for you,—you will feel better and happier. How much better it is to have a life's mirror brightened by a smile than one sullied by a tear. Remember that the key to success is a smile; it will open any lock.

The Editor

A LESSON TAUGHT BY THE COMMUNITY CHEST

IT is a dismal November evening in 1933. The earth is wrapt in a blanket of snow, the white flakes are falling with dizzying rapidity from the bleak skies above and the wind howls mercilessly in the trees o'er-head. None venture to brave the biting cold of the early winter weather and we are alone in the abandoned street. Let us pause for a moment before this gayly illuminated house and gaze upon the pleasant scene within. It is apparently a fairly well-to-do American home for the comfortable furnishings indicate modest prosperity. A fire burns cheerily on the hearth and two girls are busily engaged in the preparation of their homework. Presently the silence is broken as one observes.

"That speaker certainly urged the necessity of contributing to the Community Chest. By the way, do you intend to follow his suggestion and donate half of your allowance?"

Her companion, startled by the unexpected interruption, glances up.

"Why, no," she replied "I'm saving for a new dress. Besides, why should they expect me to contribute?"

"Well, Helen, as you know a certain percentage of the proceeds goes to support our organizations. For instance the Camp Fire Girls receive some money."

"I'm not a Camp Fire Girl."

"Then, too, it helps to maintain the Girls' League."

"And I am not a member of the Girls' League. So, as I am not benefited by the fund and as I firmly believe that Charity begins at home I think that I shall retain my entire allowance."

"Oh! Of course if you take that attitude——"

A year has elapsed since this conversation occurred and we are again compelled by some errand to pass before the Brown residence. The same house but what a difference! An atmosphere of dread and of despair hovers o'er the forlorn room. Tonight there are no brightly lighted lamps to dispel the gloom and the cold and hungry children are huddled together as if seeking warmth and encouragement. Oh, it is not difficult to guess the truth. It is an oft told story. The ghastly depression has again exacted its toll of human suffering. Helen's father has lost his position and the little he has been able to save has been spent. Now he and those dependent upon him are on the verge of starvation and he has been compelled to resort to the Welfare. A sad case—Yes, but unfortunately only one of many. Nevertheless the next day a friendly knock is heard upon the door where previously creditors alone have been wont to seek admission. It is a social worker who comes as the bearer of good tidings. She brings not merely provisions but also the news that employment has been found for the father of the family.

"We are so glad that you are provided for," she said in conclusion, "but I am sure we could never hope to carry on were it not for the assistance we receive from the Community Chest."

Her chance remark has found its target. Helen, perched in the corner, recalls her careless refusal to sacrifice a few pennies for the sake of a worthy cause.

"I wish I'd known," she murmurs.

However, let us hope that Helen for one has learned her lesson well. Let us hope that when she is fed, sheltered and cared for she will remember those in need and will practice the Golden Rule by contributing generously to the Community Fund which has done so much for the good of humanity.

Roberta K. Paul

ADVICE TO A FOOTBALL PLAYER

(With apologies to Phoebe Cary)

Do not play unwillingly

And stop to plan and measure,

'Tis working with the heart and soul

That gives the game its pleasure.

Betty Bickford '35



FOOTBALL CONSCIOUS

SHE was blonde, and he had always admired blondes,—well, from a distance anyway. But she surpassed all that Mark had ever seen before. Her figure was lithe and trim, and she carried herself with the easy grace of a gazelle. Her tresses were combed back in golden waves, and were brought into compact curls at the back of her head. Mornings, when the sun streaked through the windows, diffusing its aureate brilliance about the classroom, her locks would absorb the rays and glitter like the sun chariot of Apollo, pictured in Mark's Vergil. Her skin had that white softness of blondes. Finely plucked eyebrows arched above eyes blue like the Mediterranean on the roller map, and gave her an appearance of hauteur—that did not belie her true personality, he later discovered. A delicately molded nose and the refined curves of a small mouth contributed to her classic features. She reminded Mark of the girl he had seen in a cigarette advertisement.

Yes, Mark was attracted to her,—from the very first day she placed a dainty foot inside his Physics I class. But she was assigned the second seat in the outside row, while Mark haplessly sat diagonally opposite, in the rear. And Mark was shy,—just a trifle afraid of the not-so-much-weaker sex. Yet, the desire to meet this blonde goddess, to know her, perhaps to take her to the forthcoming Prom, mounted within him to such heights that it threatened to overwhelm his diffidence. He knew that he could not delay long, for surely the news would spread like small-pox throughout the boys of the school. Already the first day, he noted with apprehension, the football captain, seated behind her, had attempted conversation. And he, Mark, was only a sub-end.

For five days, in passing between classes, he followed Lois Mellody (it took him only two days to learn her name) like a cormorant, waiting for an opportunity to dive upon a dropped book, thus to curry her favor. But, Miss Mellody, in congruence with her poise and gracefulness, never let fall a book. And now the president of the Senior class was making advances.

When opportunity fails to knock, even once, what can you do? After much deliberation, Mark concluded that the only alternative was to force opportunity. Though his shyness violently opposed any such campaign, he nevertheless resorted at length to a bit of strategy, devised during the tedium of study period.

The next morning he brought to school with him, the most effeminate of articles, carefully hidden in his pocket to be sure—a flimsy, silk handkerchief of his sister's. He waited, uneasy but resolved, until the Physics class was ended, then accosted Miss Mellody in the hall.

"Say-er-pardon, but is this—did you drop this?" he stammered, holding up the dainty bit of silk. His face felt hot, like the time when he had ventured too close to a bonfire and singed his eyebrows.

Miss Mellody regarded Mark with a supercilious glance, then snapped a frigid "No" over her shoulder and walked primly onward. Someone snickered and Mark, turning, saw the football captain nearby. Then he was suddenly and most completely struck with the horrible realization of how really ancient the gag was! What a fool he had made of himself!

Mark was accustomed to spend—he was sometimes tempted to say *waste*—his week-day afternoons falling all over a leather oval, and his Saturday afternoons on a callous-provoking bench. Yes, he indulged in the glorious game of football. His were the trials and tribulations of a substitute; desires that once flared but, lacking fuel, had died to embers, heartfelt regrets, to bitter remorse. Yet, although he oftentimes wondered why, he was there at each practice, stretching eager fingers, like Tantalus, for the ball that would often elude them; pounding downfield to slash a tackle at legs that drove high like pistons and hurt; boxing a tackle that pushed opponents around like so much meat. It was some magnetic force that attracted him, perhaps a hope for glory, perhaps the mirage of an orange "M" on a black sweater, perhaps, even, school spirit.

After his first indecorum, Mark had avoided the aloof Miss Mellody. Yet his admiration for her, though ruffled, continued "playing soccer with his heart,"—to use his own expression. Then one afternoon he saw her at the practice grounds. Inspired, he redoubled his efforts, tackling with such viciousness that once the star halfback was knocked unconscious, and he was berated by an irascible coach. His heart leaped when the scrubs obtained possession of the ball, and a pass formation was called with himself receiving the aerial. Eagerly, Mark tore at an angle down the field toward the sidelines and Miss Mellody, then leaped mightily—and somewhat ostentatiously—to snare the forward. Immediately, a charging back bowled him over and he rolled almost to Miss Mellody's feet. Then only did he dare venture a glance to see if she had witnessed such a spectacular demonstration of football prowess; but, alack, she had turned to converse with the assistant manager. It was enough to tax the patience of Job.

But Mark's amazing performance had opened the eyes of Coach, with the result that Mark was shifted to varsity end. No more encouragement was necessary, and Mark had soon cinched a starting assignment for the traditional clash between Milton and Harrington Tech.

* * * *

As he lined up the afternoon of the game, Mark knew that Miss Mellody was there in the human sea of spectators. He tried to single her out but had not covered Section A before the whistle shrilled its command. Running down the sideline, Mark saw the opposing half tuck the ball under one arm; and he dove with vehemence. The bodily contact thrilled him and dispelled the nervousness that had seized him. Then a play came toward him, thick with interference. He lunged, but a halfback blocked him. Then a mounting roar reached him on the ground, and when he arose he saw the Harrington player touching the ball to the turf in the end zone. The place kick for extra point sailed wide. Evidently

Coach believed Mark responsible for the score, for a few plays later a replacement for Mark's end post reported.

"Use your hands; smear that interference," snapped Coach. Mark, chagrined, viewed the rest of the half from the bench.

It was not until the final quarter that Coach, probably in desperation, sent Mark in. Mark reported and looked for Miss Mellody, this time in Section B. Then the quarterback barked signals and a slice off tackle lost two yards. A slant off the other tackle netted five yards. A weak spot. Another plunge over the tackle gained four yards. A reverse faked at the weak tackle made first down. Time going fast. Pass formation now and Mark thrilled as his signal beat against his ears, rousing ambition within him. Driving knees high, he raced straight downfield, suddenly veering to the right. But there was no hope. The defensive halfback was hounding him. The ball came spiraling, and he thought of Miss Mellody, and again leaped mightily—and ostentatiously—into the air, grasping the pigskin as the halfback, off balance after a desperate lunge, crashed to the ground. Now Mark would score. His pounding cleats beat the steady rhythm of a drum as the goalposts appeared to eyes transparent with the mist of astonishment. Then the last white markers slipped by, and suddenly the oblique lines of the end zone greeted him. And a thousand and one voices acclaimed him, Mark, a hero. Among them maybe was Miss Mellody.

The placement kick arched gracefully over the horizontal bar and the whistle shrilled shortly afterward, proclaiming a Milton victory—and fame for Mark.

Mark was glad to return to school on Monday—to receive the welcome plaudits of fellow-students. It was a novel sensation to him and he reveled in it. Then, at the door of Physics I, he jostled someone and a white thing fluttered to the floor. He stooped automatically, picked it up, and turned to apologize. And there, smiling at him, was Miss Mel—no, Lois.

"Hello, Mark," she said.

T. Enright

THE LAST BARRAGE

THE ravages of war had been long erased from the smiling countenance of the village of Avernès in northern France. The flowers of post-war France bloomed as brightly as the flowers of pre-war France. The streets were quiet except for the occasional rumbling of dog carts on the cobbles, or the sabots of the peasants. The homes were small but comfortable. Here and there were newly constructed ones, in sharp contrast to those which had been the targets of shellfire.

In one small cottage there still remained significant indication of the cruelty of warfare. Old Lizette was a graphic example of it, as was her family. Lizette was past seventy, and her once sturdy limbs were becoming more infirm each day. Any evening she could be seen energetically scrubbing the shining copper pots that hung by the fireplace, or rocking the cradle of her grandchild and keeping an anxious eye on the darkened bedroom which opened off the kitchen.

Unexpectedly, a voice came from the darkened room. It was as deep as a man's, but feeble and halting like a child's.

"Lizette, is it not time to get up? See, the daylight is coming in the shutter."

The careworn expression on Lizette's face deepened and she hastened in. The form of a grown man was lying on a feather bed. He had the features and dark hair of a Frenchman.

Only his eyes seemed to show that something was wrong. In the dim light from the outer room, the clear blue was shadowed by a vague, troubled look. Bending over the bed, Lizette said soothingly, "There, there, Emile, it is only the full moon. See, it is rising over the tree-tops." Many such an illusion had to be explained, for Emile was a victim of amnesia. He had been captured at the front and sent to a German prison camp. After two years of misery, he had managed to escape into Belgium where he collapsed, lost his faculty of memory, and mentally became like a small child.

After making certain that Emile was once more comfortable and drowsing off to sleep, Lizette returned to her seat by the fire, and took up her knitting. Whatever her thoughts might be, Lizette never allowed her hands to be idle. A few minutes later steps were heard outside and Lizette's daughter-in-law, Marie, came in. She was slim with dark hair and brown eyes. Her husband had been counted "missing" in the casualty lists. She had always felt in her heart that Emile could tell her something concerning the fate of her husband. The two women prepared for bed, and soon all was quiet in the cottage except for Emile's snoring, the ticking of the clock, and the rustling of the poplar trees outside.

The next morning the occupants of the cottage were up betimes. Marie had much housework to do and Lizette worked all day at the big chateau on the hill. Her salary formed almost their only support. Marie cleaned and scrubbed the already spotless cottage and then it was time to prepare dinner. She prepared an omelet and remembered as she did so how her husband had loved it. At this thought she involuntarily looked at the picture on the wall. Brave Andre! So smiling and handsome in his uniform, holding the baby in his arms, and Marie herself at his side. He was so proud of his little family. Marie wondered how she could smile so, too, when the parting was so close. And she thought, too, of how her honest Andre had been unofficially blamed for an act at the front, and how afterward he disappeared. People still talked about that, she knew.

At this moment the staccato rumbling of a drum and the voice of the village crier was lifted above the sounds of village life. Marie hastened out to hear the news. People were gathering from all directions to the Market Place. The announcement was to the effect that a great celebration was to be held a week hence in honor of Bastille Day. It would be made merry by the infrequent appearance of their native costumes, by merrymaking, and by a display of fireworks. Marie wondered at the last statement. How could the people enjoy the appearance of blinding lights, the loud crashes and roars, so reminiscent of the only too recent conflict? As her steps drew her away from the market place, she could still hear the happy shouts and applause of the villagers, old and young; and her mind was troubled.

A week had passed, and it was Bastille Day. Everyone was preparing for a merry day and putting on the quaint costumes characteristic of Alsace. Flags were hung out and houses decorated. As evening drew near, everyone flocked to the fields outside of the village for the fireworks, but Lizette and her little family remained in their cottage. Suddenly there was a crash, a blinding light and more crashes; it was the celebration. But the noises went unheeded in the cottage. Lizette and Marie were staring at Emile. Previously he had been gazing vacantly as usual into the coals, making slight movements and sighing now and then. Now he sat bolt upright, his eyes glowed naturally, color came into his cheeks.

"What is that?" he cried, "I know! Oh! I know now! They tried to blame Andre for treason. But I know who did it because, because I saw him. Yes! Soon after Andre and I were captured. Mon Dieu, what terror! What agony! And taken to the same camp and in

a few days he was moved to another. But always he was tormented by the false accusation and,—and, I vainly tried to reassure him that he was innocent. He was! He was nervously upset and wandering in his mind, I suppose. When we were prisoners together, the general said,—wait, where was I? Oh, he was continually talking about escaping to North Africa. Perhaps he went there after the Armistice. Or maybe, maybe,—” and here the excited voice broke pitifully, the glowing eyes dulled. Emile sank into his old posture and gazed once more into the coals. Lizette sat rigidly on the edge of her chair staring at him. Then she was galvanized into action.

“Run, Marie, run to the priest, to the burgomaster! Quickly! Our Andre must be in Africa. Mon Dieu, I pray that he is.”

And she sank overcome, into her chair, while Marie was already running up the street, sobbing as she went.

Urgent communications were sent to Algiers; misunderstandings were cleared away, a month later Avernus was once more decorated with flags and bunting. Everyone was gathered at the edge of the village gazing tensely down the dusty road. A cry went up.

“Here comes a motor.”

It drew nearer,—stopped. The crowd pressed forward. Lizette, half falling, was supported by Marie as they stood in front. Out jumped Andre. He was heavier and his hair was streaked with gray but the old boyish smile was on his face. He laughed in the old familiar way, as he swept Lizette and Marie into his arms at once.

Louise Hayward '35

HIS BEST GIRL

SHE sat at one end of the bench. Of course it is unusual, but Nellie belonged to Johnny Mills, star quarterback of Midville. A girl-friend of his was welcome anywhere. She took the privileges that her position gave her.

Nellie did not cheer with the rest as the Midville team came on the field to play their most formidable opponents. Johnny moved along the bench till he was where he wanted to be. He flung an arm around her and began to mutter confidences.

“We'll win by one touchdown, old girl. They're a tough bunch but you just watch.”

Nellie nodded in agreement and sidled closer. The next moment she was alone.

Nellie sat thoughtfully through the first half. Her face expressed no emotions. Didn't she care that our team had to be satisfied with only preventing the others from scoring? It seemed not. The half was over. Neither team had gained a point.

The third quarter was discouraging to both sides. Each attempt at scoring was frustrated by clever plays. Through all this Nellie remained cool. We who were watching her gained assurance from the confident figure.

The game was almost over when a player wrenched himself free of opponents and headed for our goal. He twisted in and out of those who attempted to stop him. Cheers arose from the fans. Only Johnny Mills could run like that. A touchdown? The Midville fans went wild with excitement. Nellie merely gave a shiver of delight. The point was made. The score stood 7-0. A whistle and the game was over.

The tension of the afternoon was cleared as Johnny came out of the dressing rooms. A wire-haired terrier jumped from the floor to greet him.

“Down, Nellie!” he commanded. But Johnny's best girl was showing her appreciation.

Marie Shalett '35

HELMET AND CLEAT

7—10—16—4: Hip: 4—9—17: Clash—Bang. Leather against leather—an off-tackle play through the line;—the shrill and piercing whistle above the wild cheers of the crowd and the ball is resting on the 17-yard line. A first down? No, they did not make it; yes, they did—the score board reads First Down.

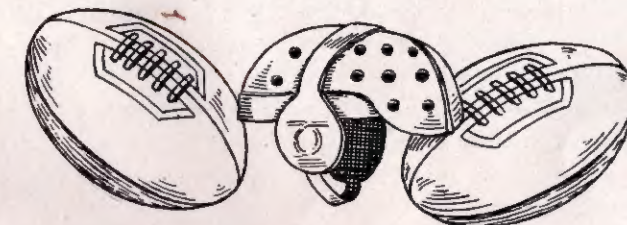
It was the day, the hour, of the great football classic between two rival schools. The weather was perfect; the crowd was immense.

How my heart leaped with joy to be there, to cheer, to help my team win this most important game of the year. How good it seemed to be a part of that great mass of cheering and happy people. Both young and old were there. To me this was life, this was happiness, this was what we all awaited for many a day and week. Now it was really taking place before our eyes.

The moments passed while signals were called, while the ball-carrier crashed against—or sometimes—through the line. Now a hearty cheer from this side of the field, now a song from the opposite stands, now a deep sigh from us all as either team lost or gained ground. Still the great game went on as voices soon became hoarse but none the less spontaneous and eager. Long since the hand of the field clock had told the passing of the third quarter and no score on either side. Now plunging against the line of play, or long end runs awarded with little or no gain. Now kicking out of danger kept both teams racing here and there on the chalk gridiron. Repeated forward passes, high and far down the field caused a momentary hush of silence and suspense, only to give vent to wild cheering as the ball sailed wide of its mark or was struck down by an opponent.

Almost resigned to a scoreless tie, I tried very hard to lift my voice, now almost nothing more than a whisper, to the strains of, “WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN, WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN.” But, what was the use? Now only three minutes playing time remained. All my hopes for a winning score faded away. But then I remembered that a game is never over until the last gun is fired, so I cheered and cheered and through tear-filled eyes glanced at the clock as the big hand moved slowly, but ever so surely, from minute mark to minute mark. I found myself almost uttering a silent prayer. What more could I do? Surely a scoreless tie could never mean defeat. No, never—Oh, the other team is going to throw a forward—there goes the ball—where is the receiver? He isn't there—It is intercepted by one of our players—he is away—he is clear. Look out!—he is running right into that tackler—no, he spins—he is clear again—he is over—he is over—a touchdown, a touchdown. We win. I was praying and did not realize what I was doing. The try for point after touchdown was wide of the posts. 6-0 told the scoreboard.—the kick off—the run-back—the horn, the whistle—THE GAME IS OVER.

Rosemary Cummings



MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB

TRAFFIC duty is, at one and the same time, both a pleasant and an unpleasant task. When the first buzzer sounds the officer arises from his seat with a smile on his face as much as to say, "Thank Heaven I'm on traffic duty. I'm getting out three minutes early and I am not a bit sorry." He gets to his post with about a minute to spare. He barely starts a conversation with a fellow officer who is stationed near him when a door opens,

"Here they come," he remarks.

"Here they come" is right. They come from the north, they come from the south, they come from the east and they come from the west. To the helpless young traffic officer it seems as though the mob invents a few new directions from which to come. First a crowd surges at him from one side and he is almost knocked over. Then a helping hand in the form of a new crowd hits him on the other side and he is knocked back to his former position, only to be pushed soon in another direction. He is absolutely helpless. A friend jabs him in the ribs or hits him in the stomach "just to let him know he is passing". Another musses the officer's hair for the same reason. Ah me! Will they never stop coming? A girl drops her books, thus holding up traffic and making a job for the nearest officer to straighten up the jam. He no more than gets this done when another friend comes along and pulls out his tie. Some students get a great "kick" out of this sort of thing, but it is no joke to the victim. The perpetrator gets a laugh however, as do many others. It's just a case of children being easily amused. Finally all is over. The battered and bewildered "Soph" somehow manages to find his way to class, gets a few minutes respite, and again hears the buzzer. Like a martyr he goes to his post. Now that he is used to it, however, it doesn't seem so bad. It is now that he has time to notice the laughable side of the job. A group of fair young damsels gather to "throw the latest dirt". His orders are to break this sort of thing up so that traffic will not become congested. How hard it is, but orders are orders and he must carry them out.

"Sorry, girls, you can't stand here and talk. Break it up."

"Oh, all right, you big meanie," one replies.

They disperse and the "limb of the law" resumes his post. All of a sudden he is nearly stretched out on the linoleum. He looks around. A love-sick senior who is escorting his latest "date" to class has been so captivated by the entrancing eyes (or something) of his "Sweetie Pie" that he has forgotten there are 1600 other students in Pittsfield High School, among whom are traffic officers; consequently he is not watching for them. "Cupid and Psyche" pass from sight. Now the officers' ears are arrested by a girl's high pitched voice saying,

"What I would like to do to that so and so! He just gave us the hardest chemistry test I ever saw."

Another laments, "That's nothing. I've got algebra and physics tests ahead of me today and I don't know a thing about either of them."

And so it goes through the day! By the end of the week the officer is fairly accustomed to his job and everything moves like clockwork. Soon he is saying,

"Why a traffic officer's job is not so bad after all."

Daniel MacDonald '37

WARMING THE BENCH



I HAVE been doing what is familiarly known as "warming the bench" all this football season. I have watched, waited, and hoped so much that by some miracle I might participate in just one game, that I have become slightly envious of the water-boy, who at least has the thrill of being on the field at the same time as the squad. That twelve-year-old boy once had the audacity to address me in a very patronizing tone of voice.

"Sorry, old man, better luck next time."

The absurdity of his using such words made me laugh heartily; it was the same expression that he had heard a member of the team use in addressing me at the end of the previous game.

Recently, I received a letter from my brother Dick, who is a halfback hero at the state university. He asked why he had not read my name among those who had scored for our high school. Unfortunately, he is laboring under the impression that I shall live up to his record and reputation, and shall help to perpetuate the Mills' name in the annals of football.

The coach smiles when I approach him; he understands the situation.

"Try a little bit harder at the next scrimmage and don't worry," he offers. "Your turn will come, and if you have it in you, you've still got another year to show it."

Margie, whom I have squired to dances during the past few months, asked me yesterday why I had not tackled the man who scored a touchdown on our team last Saturday. The meaning behind her question was obvious—she was amused that I have not even been allowed to approach the football field. Well, such is the well-known perfidy of women!

Despite these good-natured jibes, I really enjoy the football games from my "ringside" seat.

There is one mistake that observers make—they feel sorry for me and pity me as I sit on the bench week after week; they do not realize that I am happy merely to be there. I know my position is that of a substitute, an understudy to a star. I realize that my playing is mediocre in comparison with others; but is it most important to be a great player? Must the fact that I love football and will do anything to promote it be overlooked? That is why I have gone out for football and have devoted all available time in practising; that is why being a "bench-warmer" is an honor to me. Of course, I do wish that I could play in at least one game.

As a "bench-warmer", I have had plenty of time to think about my position and to form a simple philosophy that really involves the whole business of football. It is like any other great undertaking; it requires many men, a great amount of effort, and cooperation. Some do acquire the crowning laurels of fame and glory; others remain in the background, waiting and working for no other reward than the satisfaction of having done their best and having contributed something, no matter what the size.

As the Thanksgiving game approaches, I am still considering the possibility of being allowed to play. Who knows—the "bench-warmer" may even make the final dash for the winning touchdown!

Mildred Klein

STARS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

THE ethereal beauty of a starlight night is something never to be forgotten. In the cold, clear air of winter, the stars appear as a vast array of sparkling lights. Each of these lanterns of heaven is as a priceless jewel, set in a background of darkest velvet. No diamond cut by mortal hand ever shone with such scintillating brilliance. All exhibitions and displays of man are far surpassed by the nightly show of the skies. Nature is an unrivaled artist and in the magnificence of this, her greatest picture, outdoes herself.

I can never survey this panorama of the domed sky without being overcome by the consideration of the magnitude of what I see. To think that every one of those pinpoints of light is in reality a flaming sun far out in the void of space. To think that many of those twinkling dots of brightness are so big that if they were hollow, the whole solar system, which we think is so large, could be enclosed in any one of them. Why, the earth would be no more than a speck on the surface of one of them. To think that the universe is so big that it contains an infinite number of these vast worlds, each separated from its fellows by immeasurable distances. It is beyond all conception. I do not wonder that men spend their whole lives in seeking to unravel the mysteries of the stars, and yet die without having even begun to understand their subject. Man has progressed far, but the human mind has not yet developed to the point where it can at all readily grasp the idea of such a universe as we inhabit.

How puny all man's works seem in comparison to the great creations of Nature. What a microscopically small portion of the universe he really occupies. All the strife and troubles of human life seem so petty when we consider how little effect they have. Even the greatest of disturbances on earth creates not a ripple in the sea of space. A pebble dropped in the ocean makes a bigger commotion. These considerations make one realize just how foolish and wasteful most of our actions and thoughts are. They show how important and mysterious is this state of existence which we call life.

All these thoughts are inspired by the splendor of the stars on a winter's night. Other less solemn reflections and ideas often occur to me, however. Sometimes it seems as if the stars were openings in an immense vault, enclosing the world, to permit the radiance of some outside place to filter in. At other times it seems as if there were intricate patterns woven in and about the stars. Always the quiet perfection of the scene produces a soul satisfying sense of peace and tranquillity.

David Wood

FOOTBALL

IT was the twilight of a gray November afternoon. The sun's radiant disk sank behind looming stadium walls. Murky shadows stole over the cleat-torn turf. There was a semblance of grim Winter in the brittle air as the drugged, over-wrought players pluckily battled through those last few desperate minutes when gridiron deities are either gloriously created or ingloriously sunk into oblivion.

The air over the somber field was tense. A scowling cheerleader, who, a moment before, had uncannily writhed and twisted his body beyond a recognition that would have provoked envy in the heart of any contortionist, now leaned forward rigidly, straining every over-taut muscle to catch the play. The few scattered cynics, (you know there always are a few) who, shortly before, had scathingly criticized modern school-spirit, the players, and game in general, dampening the enthusiasm of all surrounding, now possessed the

grace to sheepishly register interest in the contest. The senile-wise-acres, all of whom very affably troubled themselves to interpret any perplexing issue and eagerly expounded the officials' decisions, now very timely conceded to the quarterback the right to call the play. The majority of this category never failed to have captained some remote champion eleven in their youth. On the other hand, the alumni blissfully devoted themselves to a delightful afternoon of dying for dear old "Alma Mater", nursing a deep resentment toward the enemy, firing the coach or whatever else might be on the program. Then of course the awed, silent student throng, whose raucous cheers a moment before had permeated the frost-bitten atmosphere, now was united in spirit, as with drawn, intense countenances, it gazed fixedly on that human struggle before it, not of brute strength but of wits and ingenuity.

Summoning all the energy and vitality they possessed, the rival elevens snapped into formation. The authoritative bark of the quarter-back pierced the sombrous stadium. The pigskin spiralled back to the quarter who lunged forward and wrapped one huge, powerful hand around it. His brawny, square shoulders leaned forward. He went sweeping, cutting, slashing down the field, breaking his pace deceptively with sudden stops and starts. A tackle wheeled from the line and tried to haul him down from behind. But he yanked himself free, shifted agilely when a stolidly built end lunged at him. He went skidding across the field, still groggy from the punishment he had taken. The white goal-posts hazily loomed before him. The tumult from the stands seemed to spur him on. Instinctively he executed a neat cross-step and dodged the rangy form between himself and the goal-posts. Now, he was deaf to the roars, "Touchdown" and for one brief moment he seemed to falter. But, with indomitable spirit, he regained his pace and issued one final heave to slump over the goal-line.

That strangling, strained emotion, so alive in every heart-beat and throb of the pulse, now wrenched itself free. The jubilant throng, in screaming staccato, discarded conventions and became an untamed, reckless mob. In bedlam, ardent enthusiasts threw discretion to the wind and wreaked havoc with the stark, grim goal-posts.

What is that magnetic power of this sport that is so demanding and yet so eagerly patronized by everyone?—the spirited player, who enters in it with free abandon and defiantly gambles with health; the jubilant mass that cheers him on, which from a tense strained multitude become a wild insane crowd at the sight of an especially appalling contact. Maybe it is due to the fact that football affords an outlet for enthusiasm. In no sport as in this do both players and fans enter as wholeheartedly with unsuppressed spirits. It might be the combined drama, flash, and thrill which holds the appeal. Truly, it is a force which raises football to a higher plane, one on which not only physical superiority but unfaltering courage and spirit may ride. As that seemingly endless body surged from the field, all tenderly nursed the impression of having witnessed something a little removed from a football game.

The luminous November moon cast a pallid, wan glow over the gloomy, austere field below. Gaunt skeleton goal-posts vigilantly guarded over the awful solemnity and solicitude of it all. The miry, uprooted turf signified the greatness and ferocity of the afternoon's struggle. A moaning gust of wind, which plunged the ghastliness to its lowest ebb, seemed to gather momentum as it roared through the grim empty bleachers, sweeping up a colorful cheer-leader's cap—the only remnant of the gay, bantering throng whose every muscle had been in every crushing contact, every brilliant run, and every stirring poignant instance of a truly great struggle.

Mary Conry '36

CAMPUS CAPERS

THE B and A express came puffing down the street, blowing off steam through the exertion, and with sparks flying at every step. SAIL and ROWBACK college's two crack-ed backs were going at full steam because their original tackles and illegal holds—off the gridiron—kept them in faster circulation than a dime thriller in a cent a day library; and at the moment, they were behind schedule with a date at the IAMA GAYDOLL sorority house. Incidentally, SAIL and ROWBACK also ran a correspondence school.

Butch was the reincarnation of the neolithic man. The formula for his exact chemical composition was 200 pounds of suet, a few bones, and an incalculable amount of oxygen (hot). This entire mass was planned by a Riviera and covers an area two feet wide, six feet high, and one foot deep. Figure it out in square feet for yourself as an optional problem in your homework. You see, Butch was more than less an experiment.

The only reason Andy had for looking up to Butch was necessity, his stepmother. Nature hadn't been so generous with him in volume. Yet, unlike his dinosaur-like companion, he had been given a very limited amount of brains under the ample protection of a double layer of skull—which amount he made a strict matter of policy never to strain or exhaust.

Such an excess of personality was naturally irresistible; and the walls of IAMA GAYDOLL knew, better than the coach himself, some of the B and A's smoothest plays and passes. These plays were always accomplished without interference or penalties for holding.

Came the dawn five years later. Butch and Andy were mentioned by the CAMPUS RUMPUS for possible—but not probable—All Non-Existant Honors. It was the day of the important game with MOUNTCAMETOME College. The dolls at IAMA were as gay as ever, and rivalry was keen. As an emergency measure, the plank of directors of SAIL and ROWBACK decided to cut off the B and A's salary unless their team won.

There were no grandstands, but the bench was full. The college band sent its regrets that it was unable to attend as all three of its uniforms had been taken by the sheriff. Then the cheerleader sent a telegram: "Win them as I hope you can stop them guys are awful tough stop lost my voice stop the game must go on."

It was decided to call the game, but the coaches couldn't find words to suit their thoughts. They waited hopefully for rain. After half an hour they could have indicted the weather-man for perjury. Butch and Andy, in typical prima-donna fashion, refused to go on without an appreciative audience. Accordingly, the coach rang the fire alarm and brought three trucks, a hook and ladder, and their crews out to the field. The strategy worked and the teams lined up. The footlights came on, the curtains parted; and the game was on.

During the second quarter Butch, unable to make any gain, complained that his stock would go up on a wet, slippery field. The Fire Company obligingly turned the hose on the field and eventually filled all the holes they had dug in horseshoe competition with the upholders of the law.

At this time the two teams took time-out and were served peanut-butter sandwiches and orangeade by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the 114th Post of Nothing-Nor-Other. The game was drawing to a close when the coach had an idea,—this act was to be without precedent in the annals of football history. He realized that there was a mixup in the schedule and everyone had gone home for the Spring vacation. Undaunted, like the great alumnus he was, Coach Kellogg gave the following pep talk.

"Well boys, tell me all about it. Don't be shy. Aren't you satisfied with your salary here? We pay NRA wages here, don't we? Where can you get more? The hours aren't bad, either. I better stop asking questions anyway. You couldn't pass an exam in trigger-monotony. Now go out there and fight for dear old Greenback—I mean SAIL and ROWBACK. Give us a new deal! Shuffle that ball!"

The team was inspired. Money talks! Where there's life, there's hope! They advanced from the shadow of their own goal posts to the shadow of the enemies. It was Butch's last game—if he didn't win. Butch was left back—several times. He got the ball on the famous 9,856 play. The signals called for an end run with Andy's interference. Butch hugged the ball, thinking he was in the IAMA-GAYDOLL sorority house. Whirling thoughts flashed through what had been meant for a brain. He was hungry for glory; Boston Baked beans would have done in a pinch, but this was a squeeze play.

He flashed past an end—his own. Why should Andy share in the glory? He didn't want any interference from anybody. Butch hopped, skipped, and jumped into the open field by his lonesome. The swiftness with which the white lines whizzed by made him dizzy. A tackler hit him hard. The ball bounded out. Reaching arms closed around it. The interceptor pivoted and ran in the opposite direction. The little transformer (dynamo) was off for a touchdown. Andy had scored!

That is why Butch was graduated with the next class, as an economic necessity; while Andy, seven years later, was retired from the team with a pension in appreciation of his twenty-five years of service for the Varsity Team and with a medal from the IAMA-GAYDOLL Sorority for the excellent entertainment his campus capers and gridiron technique had afforded two generations of its members.

Peter J. Barreca '35



The Shadow



DIDJA know that "Baby Leroy" took a certain blond Soph to the "Y" dance?

We wish we had as much time for evenings at the movies as have two of our faculty members. We spend spare moments on *chemistry*.

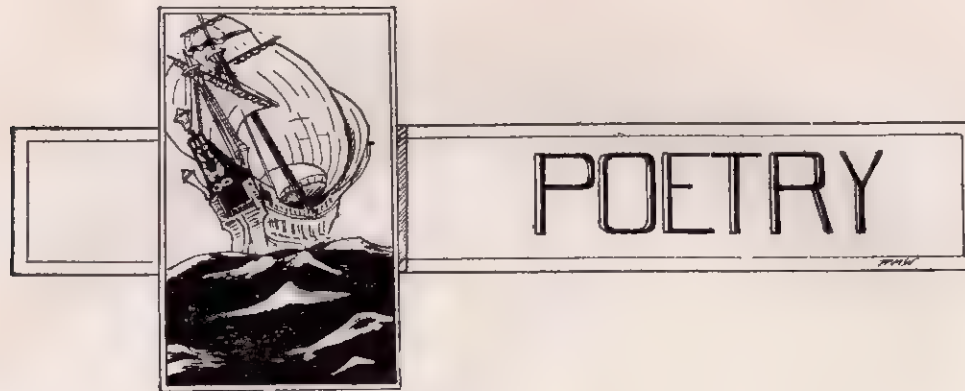
Romance in a lunch period? What Junior B makes a play for the "Queen of the Sophomores" near Room 131 during the first lunch shift? Hint to Sopho:—He wears glasses.

Speaking of lunch, who supplies the Senior girls with food for English? Eh, Sandy?

What Hill do the girls of P. H. S. climb to find favor with this lover of feminine pulchritude?

It's too bad that two boys cannot find more favor in a second period History class. Try again, Jack.

If we ever decide to relinquish our hold on this column, the logical successor would be Sol Smuckler. He is an excellent authority on community doings.



GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN

I sit in my window at twilight,
 And dream of castles sky high—
 I dream as the shadows are falling,
 And the blue ripples over the sky.
 I see, here a hope, there a treasure,
 And it seems to my mind's-eye
 That the whole world is clothed in splendor
 And God's in His heaven on high.

Betty Bickford '35

ASPIRATION

Aim high, for if you fail, —you win in losing,—
 Success made easy is no gain; no strife;
 Seek not the low place, make the heights your choosing,
 Courage is needed for the best in life.

Aim low, and though you win, you've gained no lauding,—
 Little you've done to bring you praise or fame;
 Such aim can never gain the world's applauding,
 With your own lack of effort lies the blame.

Aim for the top, but just before succeeding,
 Find something higher still, until you cease;
 Sure when you start your path is always leading
 Through the great door to happiness and peace.

Mary O'Boyle '35



"IT'S TOASTED"

When oft for food my stomach yearns,
 Before my eyes a vision burns;
 And in my mind I then behold
 The nectar of the gods of old—
 Two crispy bits of toasted bread
 With luscious peanut butter spread,
 That each upon the other's breast
 Has by a master chef been pressed.

My heart within me throbs aloud,
 And all my humble self is bowed
 As I in fancy seek the lair
 Of some great chef and order there,
 "A peanut butter sandwich, man,
 And will you toast it if you can!"

Charles Kline, Jr.

HOMECOMING

It's nice to come home in the evening,
 Out of the cold and the rain,
 It's comforting there by the fire,
 Back in the home again.

It's sweet to stay home in the evening,
 Safe in a cozy old chair,
 Secure in the thought of belonging,
 Happy in being there.

Please God, in the years that are coming,
 Years full of cold and of rain,
 We still may return in the evening,
 Back to the home again.

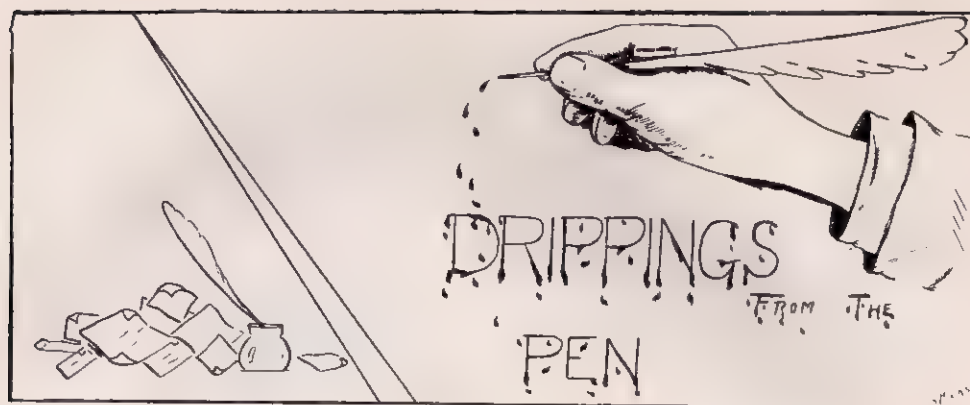
Mary O'Boyle '35

STEPPING STONES

Like stepping stones to happiness
 Are seven virtues rare;—
 There's peace at heart and friendliness,
 And willingness to share.

Obedience and helpfulness,
 And health and humor, too,
 Will keep this world a happy one
 And make it dear to you.

Mary O'Boyle '35



Extra Scandal at P. H. S.!!

The pencil made quite a number of pointed remarks about the sponge being soaked all day, and the waste basket being full. The scissors were cutting up, while the paste was sticking around to see the stamps get a good licking. The ink's well but appeared blue while bill was stuck on the file. The blotter lay around absorbing it all.

Miss Kaliher: "I'm tempted to give you a test."

G. Haylon: "Yield not to temptation."

* * * *

Marking time has arrived!

Fierce lessons

Late hours

Unexpected tests

Not prepared

Kicked out

* * * *

"Opportunity knocks but once."

That fellow never rode in a Ford.

* * * *

A collection is being taken among the students to buy Miss Morse a pair of glasses that will automatically extend to the end of her nose when one of her history pupils answers incorrectly. N.B. Also a hammer which will bounce itself VIOLENTLY up and down on the desk.

* * * *

Where could Mr. Meehan have been the night of November 10, 1934 at 7.45? We wonder. As Mr. Meehan has trailed down "Ant kitty", we live in great fear that our identity will soon be discovered by this amateur detective (?) and his bloodhounds.

* * * *

Oh, incidentally, speaking of Mr. Meehan,—upon inquiring we discovered that he's celebrating his birthday this month. And it is rumored that both ten cent stores had to send out for more birthday candles.

November, 1934

[23]

Soph: "How does a football player keep cool when playing an important game."

Senior: "He is surrounded by fans."

* * * *

SENIOR HALL OF NOTORIETY

(By the vote of the senior class)

Tardiest	Jessie Minute
Most Brilliant	Sarah Bellum
Most All Round	Ella Phant
Most Carefree	Bee Nonchalant
Most Feminine	Molly Coddle
Most Sophisticated	Sue Perior
Most Tactful	Hannah Line
Most Musical	Do Raymey
Most Talkative	Bab Allon
Most Temperamental	Iva Complex

* * * *

Marra: "Don't you think the library is a dull place?"

Soph: "Why?"

Marra: "Well, the windows all have panes, and the books are all in tiers."

* * * *

Reports come in that some of the Soph. French classes have been requesting their instructors to let them sing (that is try to) "Qui a peur du grand mal loup?" (To the ignorant—this means you)—"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

* * * *

We are truly sorry to learn of the appendicitis operation of John Foley, a noted Junior A, but EVERYTHING "came out" alright, and he is doing nicely.

* * * *

Mr. Hennessey: "You missed my lecture on appendicitis yesterday."

Brilliant student: "Oh, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

* * * *

A young man was lying on an operating table ready for an examination.

Doctor: (to student) "Bring in ethyl chloride."

Young man: (jumping up) "No, Doctor, please don't bring a woman in here."

* * * *

Miss Power (after a test): "You may pass out as soon as I read your marks."

All in a chorus: "We will!"

R. M.

On the Editor's Desk



THE Editor takes the liberty of introducing a new feature to be known as "On the Editor's Desk". We shall attempt to include "a sedative, a purge, and a bitter". All material addressed to this column will be read with interest.

* * * *

I recently received a letter from a Junior A in which he criticized the PEN unmercifully. Needless to say I was heartbroken. His criticisms were of the following order: better stories, a greater variety of authors, funnier cartoons, more than just the line-up of both teams in football. In consequence we are adopting a new policy. In an effort to interest students in the PEN, letters are being sent to those who have been recommended by the English department as doing excellent work. The letters ask for some contribution, no matter how small. We have been literally swamped with material and we take this opportunity to remind all those who contributed that we will endeavor to use their efforts in the near future.

* * * *

Here is an excellent thought to keep with you this Thanksgiving. More than ever before, we should be genuinely appreciative of whatever blessings Providence has given us. Recall to mind the old Indian proverb,

"I had no shoes and I murmured bitterly,
"Until I saw a man who had no feet."

* * * *

The following football joke is perhaps the best this season.

Soph at P. H. S. vs. S. J. H. football game: The referee called a fowl, but where are the feathers?

Sophisticated Senior: Oh, this is a picked team.

* * * *

The newest vogue in slang is the expression "she has a certain syrup, but it doesn't pour".

* * * *

It has been ascertained by a careful census that the average student of P. H. S. is like a certain brand of coffee you read about so much—98% of the active ingredient has been removed from the bean.

Many exceedingly bitter remarks have been directed at certain members of our student body for the way they resorted to the cheap and degrading trick of pilfering nickels from their fellow students by underhanded methods. The girls, more than the boys, seem to have been responsible for this "touching" business. It supposedly dropped from sight.

until about a week ago a well-known Senior B was seen to stop a young lady of his acquaintance in the hall and, after being graciously given a five cent piece, as courteously delivered the little I. O. U. with its few choice and smart remarks written thereon. We sincerely hope that this case as well as its precedents, is forever safely tucked in the—we trust—non-committal past.

* * * *

Together with the hundreds of his personal friends and football fans, we extend to Ralph (Tiny), "Cap", et al) Simmons, captain of our football warriors, who was injured last month while in action, our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery.

Some people wonder what a Mormon wedding is like. Well, it's much like any wedding. Only a word or two difference.

The preacher says: "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

The Mormon says: "I do."

Then the preacher says: "Do you women take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

And the women say: "We do."

Then the preacher says: "Well, some of you girls there at the back will have to speak up louder if you want to be included in this."—Judge.

FOOTBALL

Fighting down the field they go.

On for Pittsfield High!

Only ten more yards to go

Touchdown drawing nigh.

Ball is over—we have won.

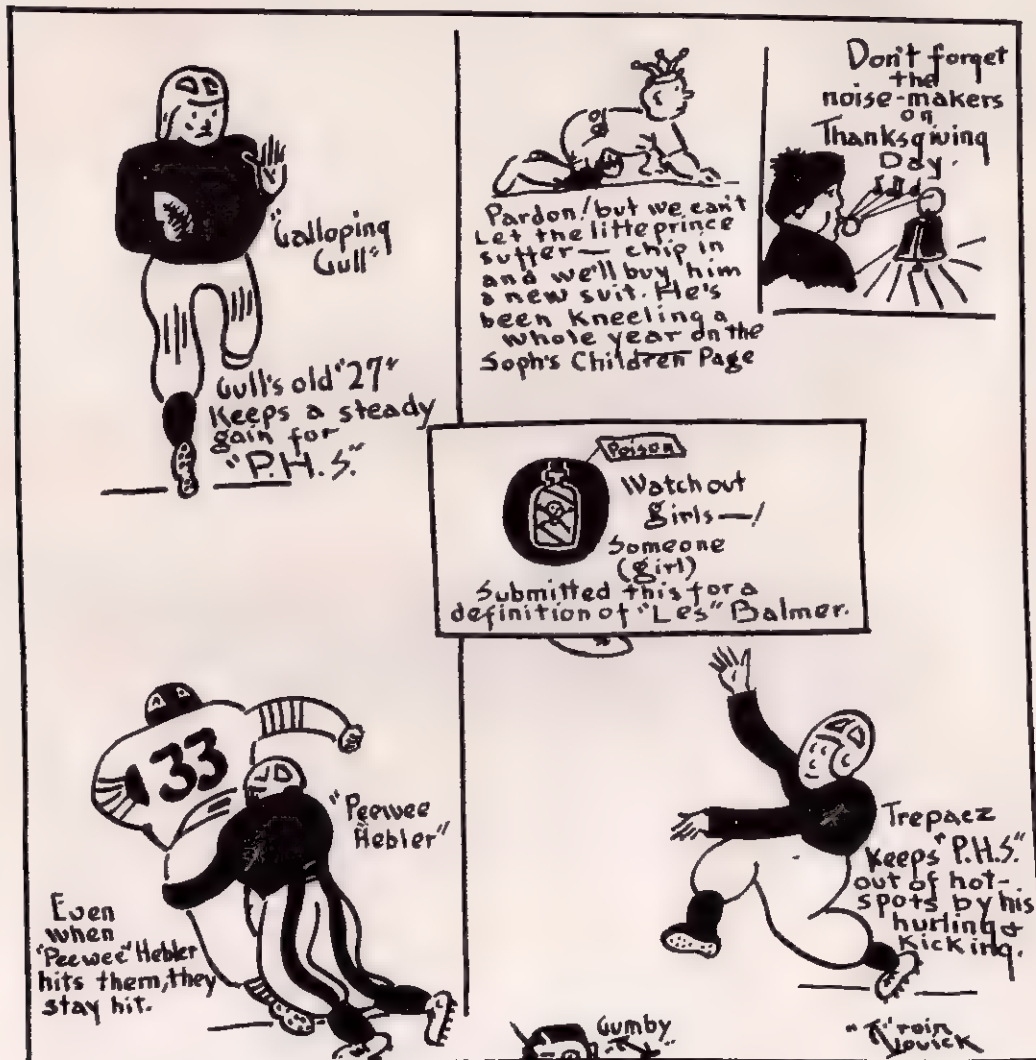
All the boys were fine.

Lots of spunk and nerve like that

Long will hold our line.

Roberta Bufe '35

"SPORTISTIC"



THUMBNAIL SKETCHES OF "THE BOYS"

Name: Ralph Simmons, tackle
 Nickname: "Cap"
 Charm: Popularity
 Weakness: None. Ex-weakness: Appendix
 Ambition: To learn how to dance

Name: John Arigoni, fullback
 Nickname: "Spud"
 Charm: Hair
 Weakness: Spanish
 Ambition: To make a piker of Rip Van Winkle

Name: Lester Balmer, tackle
 Nickname: "Poison"
 Charm: Nose
 Weakness: Mr. Meehan's "Lectures"
 Ambition: To join the House of David

Name: George Betts, tackle
 Nickname: "Microbe"
 Charm: Brains
 Weakness: Brunettes
 Ambition: To be myself

Name: Raymond Carmel, guard
 Nickname: "Ray"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Pineapple pie
 Ambition: To think up slams to retaliate those of a friend.

Name: Ralph Carnevale, halfback
 Nickname: "Hot Dog"
 Charm: Nose
 Weakness: Missing "21's"
 Ambition: To get more "21's"

Name: William Evans, halfback
 Nickname: "Buddy"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Sleep
 Ambition: To skip out without doing the supper dishes

Name: James Ferry, end
 Nickname: "Burp"
 Charm: Complexion
 Weakness: Football, females, and fudge
 Ambition: To go to school a whole week without being late

Name: John Fraser, guard
 Nickname: "Fatso"
 Charm: Complexion
 Weakness: Sophomores
 Ambition: To civilize that great combination of Bud Ford and K. G. Cartier

Name: John Gull, quarterback
 Nickname: "Lilacs"
 Charm: Hair
 Weakness: She's a brunette.
 Ambition: To get to No. Adams twice a week

Name: Edmund Hebler, center
 Nickname: "Whitey"
 Charm: Complexion
 Weakness: Popsicles
 Ambition: To learn nomenclature for Mr. Conroy

Name: George Hill, end
 Nickname: "Bunker"
 Charm: Personality
 Weakness: Blondes
 Ambition: To be able to play football

Name: Peter Kellar, halfback
 Nickname: "Pete"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Most Women
 Ambition: To follow in the footsteps of my brothers

Name: Anthony Marra, end
 Nickname: "Keed"
 Charm: Mouth
 Weakness: Women
 Ambition: To coach Coach Stewart's son.

Name: Frank Mlynarczyk, halfback
 Nickname: "Frankie"
 Charm: Personality
 Weakness: Wine, women, and song; and I seldom break into melody
 Ambition: To circumnavigate St. Joe's end for at least two touchdowns.

Name: Ralph Polito, guard
 Nickname: "Polly"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Peasoup
 Ambition: To arrive on time for Miss Nagle

Name: John Prodgers, end
 Nickname: "Bud"
 Charm: Eyes
 Weakness: Women and Latin
 Ambition: To find that "grass skirt"

Name: Steve Trepacz, fullback
 Nickname: "Tottor"
 Charm: Hair
 Weakness: Chewing pencils
 Ambition: To install trackmen as water boys

Name: Harold Williams, end
 Nickname: "Hal"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Catching colds
 Ambition: To manipulate the terminal extremities
 of my arms as Coach Stewart desires.

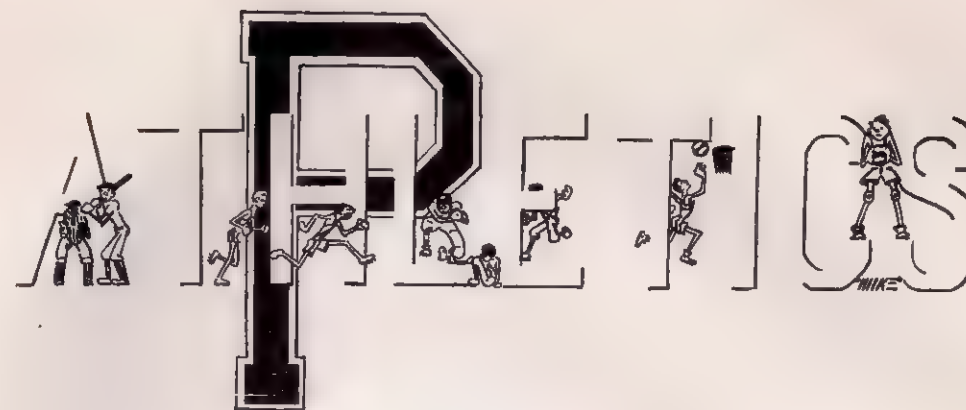
Name: Stanley Scott, guard
 Nickname: "Scotty"
 Charm: Physique
 Weakness: Mince pie
 Ambition: To find out why they have cheerleaders
 at football games

Name: John Nicholson, 3rd, manager
 Nickname: "Nick"
 Charm: O—To have one!
 Weakness: O—O—O—O—O—
 Ambition: To be a good manager.



RECIPE FOR CAPTAIN RALPH SIMMONS

T ake one whole pound of kindness,
 I n it stir some happiness.
 N ow plenty of Patience makes it nice;
 Y es, add some Fun to give it spice.



SEASON SUMMARY

Pittsfield	2	Hotchkiss	13
"	6	Poughkeepsie	0
"	6	Williamstown	6
"	13	Albany Academy	0
"	6	Adams	0
"	12	Drury	0
"	19	Lee	0
"	0	Turners Falls	14

With but the annual St. Joseph's game yet to play, the Purple and White gridmen have completed a very successful season, winning five games, losing two, and tying one.

They are first in the county league, having won three games, lost one, and tied one in county competition.

A total of 65 points has been run up against the thirty-three of the opponents.

PITTSFIELD DEFEATS DRURY

November 3

Pittsfield High, playing its first home game of the 1934 campaign, administered a 12-0 beating to dogged Drury High, traditional rival. It marked the fourth victory of the Stewart clan.

Touchdowns were scored in each of the first two periods.

Early in the opening canto, Jim Ferry knifed through to block a Drury punt and recover the ball. The Purple and White, capitalizing on this opportunity, promptly marched to the promised land, where Ralph Carnevale fell on a teammate's fumble for the touchdown.

Kellar scored the second counter as a climax to a sustained drive of 40-yards.

Drury threatened in the latter half, employing laterals and forwards with marked success. The Hosley men reached the 5-yard line but were unable to convert.

Mahoney was a spark-plug of the visitors, and turned in several brilliant gains. Steve Trepacz gained consistently for Pittsfield.

PITTSFIELD, 19—LEE, 0

November 10

Its scoring attempt having been thwarted for three periods by a game Lee High eleven, Pittsfield finally found itself in the final period and loosed a flurry of passes that snowed the Potter club under 19-0.

Mylarczyk scored first in the fourth quarter on a line buck. After a series of line plays and passes, from the unerring hand of Steve Trepacz to fleet John Gull, had carried the pigskin down field from the 35-yard line. The attempt to convert the extra point failed.

Hebler intercepted a Lee pass on the Lee 30-yard marker soon after the kick-off.

Immediately Trepacz whipped a 25-yard pass to Gull. A line smash gained two yards, and Gull swept over for the second tally. Frank Mylnarczyk placed-kicked the goal.

After Producers had recovered a Lee fumble at midfield, Trepacz passed successfully to Kellar and Gull for twenty-five and twenty-yard gains. Line plunges picked up a little yardage and Gull again scored. The attempt at conversion failed.

The Purple and White were very impressive in downing the highly touted Lee team. Their aerial game was especially successful and the line was almost impregnable. The Berkshire County championship is now within grasp, St. Joseph's being the only remaining hurdle.

TURNERS FALLS DOWNS PITTSFIELD

November 17

The Purple and White fell before the powerful onslaught of the Turners Falls eleven, and were defeated 14-0. Spinners and fake reverses were cleverly brought into play and Turners Falls men gained on every down.

Kulis scored the two touchdowns for the Power Town eleven. Christian, who has converted twelve out of thirteen tries this season, came through with two conversions to his credit.

Turners Falls took the kick-off on their thirty-yard line, and on successive downs marched sixty-five yards to the five-yard mark, where Pittsfield withstood the hammering attacks and prevented a touchdown. With John Gull running the ball, Pittsfield took it to the forty-yard line. Here the Blue and White held and Pittsfield lost the ball. The march to the goal started again. With the ball on the two-yard line, Kulis went over on a center plunge. Christian then place-kicked the extra point. After an exchange of punts, the period ended with the ball in mid-field.

The second quarter proved scoreless, with each team advancing the ball deep into enemy territory and making it necessary for the opposition to kick. The half ended with the score still seven to nothing.

Starting the second half Pittsfield showed a much stronger defense, but Kulis on a fake spinner broke away from his interference and ran the fifty yards through a broken field for his second tally. Christian's unerring toe again converted, making the score now 14-0.

In the fourth quarter Pittsfield made its most serious bid for a score. By a couple of passes the ball was brought to the ten-yard line but here the Power Town team held the Purple and White for downs and no score was made. Late in the period, Christian tried a kick from the field but it went to the side and Pittsfield punted out of danger. Turners Falls

again came back to the five-yard line but Pittsfield held and the game ended with the ball in their possession on the five-yard mark.

"Bud Producers" played a fine game in his end position, piling up the interference and breaking up a number of plays.

Lester "Moses" Balmer, at center, made his share of the tackles by breaking through and nailing the runner from behind.

Johnny Gull and Steve Trepacz showed up best in the back field, with their running and punting.

THANKSGIVING GAME

On Thanksgiving Day the Purple and White will close their season in the annual game with our traditional rival, St. Joseph's. It will decide the city and county champion. If Pittsfield wins this game, it will give the Purple and White undisputed possession of the county championship. If St. Joseph's wins, it will cause a tie for the county honors.

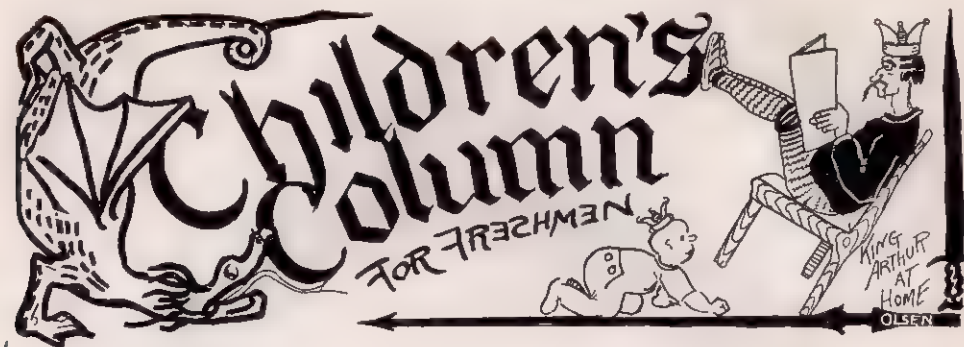
Pittsfield will go into the game a slight favorite, but St. Joseph's, as always, will prove a worthy opponent, fighting hard but cleanly.

In the last five years the Purple and White have proved the victor in four games and one resulted in a scoreless tie.

The starting line-ups:

PITTSFIELD		ST. JOSEPH'S
Marra	l.e.	Mele
Carmel	l.t.	King
Polito	l.g.	Barcz
Hebler	c.	Diamond
Scott	r.g.	Nolan
Balmer	r.t.	Boteze
Producers	r.e.	Murphy
Gull	q.b.	Sangiovanni
Kellar	l.h.b.	Grady
Mylarczyk	r.h.b.	Elger
Trepacz	f.b.	Carched





a fairy tale

WELL children, it was the day of the football game and it wasn't too hot and it wasn't too cold and everyone was warm and noone was cold. gee wadda lie.

now that day none of the players had broken his training and all their suits were neat and clean after the drury game and none of them got dirty and besides they made two or three touchdowns, i'm not sure which, everyone cheered and sang --yes percival that was what the noise was--and none of the sophomores hissed or booed. what, you did, edgar? why the very idea. don't let it happen again. that's not the way to show school spirit. well they all jumped up at the right time and resumed their seats when asked to kindly (?) do so, and everyone et their lollipops quietly and noone laughed wen they saw the other team.

now children, if none of you will say "hold that line", wen you mean, "we wanna touchdown," or bring peanuts to throw about is that nice?--or fall through the grandstand and if you will leave the confetti at home--it's not necessary --i will tell you another fairy story in the near future.

the stewdint's fren'
ant Kitty

AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MISS LILLIAN A. PREDIGER

Domain: 204

Subject: United States History

Great accomplishment: Goes in for written work in a big way.

Famous saying: "Your author does not tell this to you very well."

Second ditto: "Will you return the paper that's left, P-LEASE!!!"

Present Pastime: Disagreeing with Muzzey.

MISS KATHERINE M. McCORMICK

Domain: 240

Subject: English

Great accomplishment: Has inflicted oral topics on all her classes and has, as yet, suffered no harm. (Not a word have they said, but if looks could kill).

Famous saying: "Have I assigned the orals yet?"

Second Ditto: "Tomorrow, we'll work on our short stories."

Present Pastime: Correcting manuscripts handed in to her by would-be authors.

November, 1934

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Students

The merchants who advertise in this magazine very often make special offers to you as High School Students. They do this because they believe in the *Pen* as an advertising medium. By patronizing advertisers you will not only be in a position to render a valuable service to the Advertising Department, but you will also be saving money.

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We sell and apply Inecto Hair Dye

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RICHMOND ROAD *All Our Products Are Pasteurized* WEST PITTSFIELD

OVERHEARD AT THE GAME

"Get going, you mice."

"Will youse kindly resume your seats, please."

(After the Siren) "Somebody's been eating birdseed."

* * * *

And then some people brought rattles. Did they feel at home?"

* * * *

"Money makes the mare go."

"Would it if the mare were dead?"

* * * *

Many girls use dumbbells to get color in their cheeks—Yes, and many girls use color in their cheeks to get dumbbells.

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For
Best News



Palace News
144 North Street

ATHERTON
Furniture Co.

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Pittsfield, Mass.



"Do I look fit?"

"You look more like a convulsion to me."

* * * *

Clerk: "Here's a smart hat, sir."

Mr. Herrick: "It doesn't need to be smart. I'll put the brains in it myself."

* * * *

Mr. Sheridan (to his home room "students")

"And don't forget those home study blanks. Today's the last day. Bring them in tomorrow."

* * * *

Our apologies to Mr. Meehan. He's traded in that dilapidated Ford of his for a nice new Terraplane. Goody-goody two shoes! What fun!

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PEN advertiser, tell him
you saw his ad in the No-
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373 North Street, Pittsfield

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Sandwiches "SUGAR BOWL" Schraft's Candies
HADDAD'S
Cor. Melville and North Sts. Telephone 9467

Unknown: "What did you have for dinner at the 'Sugar Bowl'?"

George Betts: "Two guesses."

Unknown: "No wonder you were so hungry tonight."

* * * *

"I'd like to see something cheap in a fall hat."

"Well, put this on and look in the mirror."

* * * *

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!!"

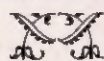
"I told you this second-hand car wouldn't make it."

* * * *

If women are angels, why don't they fly over fences instead of making such awkward jobs of climbing?

C. C. Gamwell

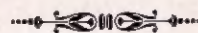
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in

"St. Louis Kid"

plus

"She Had to Choose"

with

BUSTER CRABBE

If you ran the opposite way when you were making a touchdown when you should have run not the opposite way but the other way but you ran the opposite way instead, would it be wrong?

* * * *

We hear that the Black Sea is in mourning for its sister, the Dead Sea.

* * * *

Mr. Meehan: "Who did the chiseling in this test?"

Soph: "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

* * * *

An optimist is a senior with thirty credits who has already purchased a frame for his diploma.

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Christmas.

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Miss Carmel: "Why are you so late?"

Carnevale: "I fell downstairs."

Miss Carmel: "Well, that shouldn't have taken you long."

* * * *

Miss Prediger: "Name the colonies."

Bunker Hill: "Shall I name them in order or skip around?"

Miss Prediger: "No, you'd better stand still."

* * * *

Johnnie Gull to Ray Carmell: "Put on your hat. Here comes a woodpecker."

* * * *

"Horsefeathers," said the villain as the pillow split open.

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Insurance Company**

of Pittsfield, Mass.

1835

1934

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and still more blessings inevitably follow
in its path.

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It Pays Splendid

DIVIDENDS

•

Berkshire County Savings Bank

1846

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